



It's what I do.



Chaz

 [**cvillette**](https://cvillette.livejournal.com/)

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2007-12-01 20:33:00

MOOD: Huh.

MUSIC: KT Tunstall - Suddenly I See

I was headed home with videos and a bag of potato chips when I realized all those blue-and-red flashing lights were in my neighborhood. *All over* my neighborhood, for a radius of about six blocks. Arlington PD cruisers on every corner, scanning with the spotlights; cops on foot with flashlights in the alleys and yards. Just for a second I thought it might be about the skateboard incident. How's that for solipsism?

One of the cops in the cars stepped out as I came up. I told him I was on my way home, gave him the address, and asked what was up. "Domestic dispute," he said. "The guy took off on foot."

Okay, that's what he said.

There's been a lot of change in the way domestics are handled over the last twenty years, but no department sends every car in town and puts half the guys on shift out in the freezing rain with flashlights to get some creep who punched his S.O.

So what I heard was, "The suspect is armed and has already wounded or killed someone." It didn't even occur to me that I should hear something else.

When other people passed on the sidewalk, I could see they'd missed that subtext. The cops and I were operating on that second, coded message.

And it was our job to make sure the people who didn't get that message didn't suffer for it. Not mine, specifically, tonight; my job was to go home, eat potato chips, and stay the hell out of the way. In the larger scheme of things, though, that's what I do. And it's so much a reflex now that I don't even have to think about decoding the message.



[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

Poppets. Puppets. Poppet puppets. Scary.

9 comments



 trollcatz

December 2 2007, 14:55:10 UTC COLLAPSE

I'm only just starting to get the cop version of the ESR secret code, but the EMT version is engraved in my DNA.

Have you gotten the thing yet where party lights snap you into Professional Mode?

Did they get the guy?



 cvillette

December 2 2007, 16:27:21 UTC COLLAPSE

I don't think they did. I didn't check up on it, though. Not knowing feels irresponsible, but if I know for sure they didn't get him, it'll just give me that itchy unexploded-device feeling.

Hah! I get mixed signals from the party lights. Witness previous meeting with representative of Arlington PD, earlier this week.



 trollcatz

December 2 2007, 17:36:31 UTC COLLAPSE

Er. As in, party lights mean get the hell out of Dodge?

Okay, so how much of a JD *were* you? (If that's not a good thing to ask, forget I asked, delete comment, carry on as if nothing happened, 'kay?)



 cvillette

December 2 2007, 18:56:57 UTC COLLAPSE

I was totally not a JD!

Some things require empirical evidence, is all. It's just good science. Not everybody gets that. Sad


comment on the state of education.

So, no, they don't mean "Get the hell out of Dodge." They mean, "Hmm, the secondary effects were more extensive than expected."

THEN they mean "Get the hell out of Dodge."

Further deponent sayeth not. *g*



 **trolldatz**

December 2 2007, 19:00:44 UTC COLLAPSE

ehe. Didn't get caught much, I take it?

Let me guess. Um. Propane tanks?

Rocketcar?



 **cvillette**

December 2 2007, 19:03:45 UTC COLLAPSE

Hey! The Intertubes have ears!

And I'm not giving away my best ones, man. Get yer own mayhem!



 **Ometochtli**

December 2 2007, 19:05:25 UTC COLLAPSE

The winged Subject seems unusually familiar with the possible transgressions. What, we wonder, gives her these insights?



 **trolldatz**

December 2 2007, 19:07:29 UTC COLLAPSE

background in law enforcement and emergency medicine, of course.



 **cvillette**

December 2 2007, 19:10:07 UTC COLLAPSE

Ooooh, *good* volley.